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# THE COLLECTOR AND ART CRITIC.

John Ruskin has passed away. The Master and Prophet died at the age of eighty-one at his home at Brantwood. His are the honors of a molder of public thought and artistic conscience. He certainly elevated artistic expression by insisting on its deeper moral significance. Although many of his notions were idyllic, they were honestly and sincerely expressed and defended with signal skill and uncompromising positiveness.

Aside from his favors for the pre-Raphaelites and a veneration for Turner, which bordered on worship, he impregnated his artistic theories with social ideals which did much to give his notions popular acceptance. He may not have spoken the last word in art-criticism, still the gospel he preached did much to dispel the superficial tendencies of those that sat in judgment on contemporary and ancient art.

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How awfully jolly it is to listen to the comments of the public that visits the Academy, the Museum, or any Exhibition for that matter. Awfully jolly!—but there, I am quoting, for that bevy of young ladies stand enraptured before some *genre* piece and this is their exclamation. They turn and it is, "How lovely," "Too sweet for anything."

Further on stand two men looking wisely at a canvas, and we hear the words, "The *tout-ensemble* is perfect," "A good foreground," "Very clever drawing"—but, alas, their praise is expended on what is not. And yonder are two older ones discussing "tone" and "quality" and "values," but when we get to talking it appears these phrases were picked up at a studio or club exhibition, and the, to them, meaningless words play leap-frog with one another in a circle.

The technical qualities of the paintings are little understood by the vacuous gazers—that accounts often for some of the sales. True art knowledge is rarely found; surely the present Academy Exhibition did not teach it.

Still how awfully jolly to listen—but no, I am quoting.  
How pathetic.

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A crowd, mostly of colored youngsters, in a Southern city was circled around an interesting sight. There was a little girl, apparently of well-to-do people, holding an old-fashioned coffee mill tightly pressed in her left arm against her breast while with the right hand she was working the crank with might and main, and singing at the top of her voice one of the popular songs. The left hand was free to hold the blue-ribboned straw hat extended for the pennies which amused passers-by dropped into it, and dangling by the neck from a string tied around one of the fingers was the little kitten to serve as a monkey.

There was the imitative nature of the little four-year-old asserting itself in her efforts to appear as an organ-grinder. The sweet face, the pretty ways, the absolute earnestness of the little pet was the most captivating sight ever seen—one of the few instances I know where imitation was excusable.



W. H. HOWE, N. A.

W. H. Howe may be considered to be the foremost cattle painter of the American school. His is a method of sure foundation; absolutely accurate drawing, thorough knowledge of chromatic possibilities, perfect understanding of textures, and submission to Nature's instruction as contrasted with mnemonic studio inspiration. Hence his work breathes all the fulness of out of doors, his bovine models have the vitality of stable occupants or meadow stragglers, his Normandy bulls are portraits, and with all this the *paysagerie* of his compositions is exceptionally good, full of *plein air*, well adjusted or selected, with solid yet clear and vapory coloring.

To see the work now standing on the easels in his studio for the finishing touches convinces one of the thorough manner in which the artist labors. His pictures are all laid in and three-quarters finished when in the field, leaving but little to be done in the studio. This little is, however, not always undertaken at once, for there are, for instance, some canvases left

from the painter's years in Holland, which need yet the final brush. There is the road in Laren, running by the thatched-roof *boerderij*, with the peculiar hayricks. Geertje stands leaning over the gate, chatting in "Evening Gossip" (the title of the picture), with Jaap, the burly son of Mauve's old shepherd-model. The flock of sheep, in momentary indecision, have halted to await the close of the confab, and all is colored with the golden glow of a summer sunset. A fine picture, indeed. Yonder yet another Dutch motive, with kine standing in the wet meadow and a vibrating play of moonlight.

The Brandywine valley is, however, Mr. Howe's favorite sketching ground of late years. There is the immense, scraggy willow standing in the middle of the field and grouped about are the solid cattle of that rich region. Or here stand the yearlings around the tub with the Pennsylvania barn as a background. A "Summer Outing" shows a drove coming down the road, the black cow turned on the flank has that peculiar pose which indicates its lowing towards "the woods that bring the sunset near."

A peculiarity of the cattle as painted by this artist is the *nonchalance* in which he poses them. There is no conventional or studied effect, all stand or lie just as we see them ourselves when passing the country roads or visiting the stables. Naturally this brings out the remarkable dexterity with which the problem of foreshortening is handled.

Large canvases of the artist's brush are owned in Cleveland and Pittsburg, while few private collections can afford to be without an example.

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Mr. James Brown Lord, the architect of the new Appellate Court House on Madison Square, made some very emphatic remarks at a recent dinner of the Society of Mural Painters of New York, on the subject of art competitions. Said he:

"I had the opportunity, of which I availed myself, of selecting the painters and sculptors for the court house without competition, and here I must strike what may be to you a discordant note; I detest competitions. I believe that in all art work they are utterly wrong—in my opinion they are the degradation of every art profession they enter into. At times they may serve as the incubators of stillborn genius; but I have yet to live to see any building born of competition completed from its birthday plans, and I have yet to see the best results of American architecture evolved from any set of drawings selected by means of a competition. The point I wish to emphasize can be illustrated by this—that when each of the artists was informed of his selection the effect was most noticeable—his enthusiasm was aroused to the utmost when he clearly understood he had been *selected* and was not to be forced into a competition.

"We must all recognize that there is such a thing as 'the artistic temperament,' and to get the best that such a temperament can give, you must always extend your supreme confidence, and this, I think, is largely the secret of the success of the work accomplished in this building. Had the element of competition been brought in, the mercenary, not the artistic, spirit would have been aroused, and no such result as has been achieved would have been possible."

This sounds very nicely, but can hardly be substantiated by facts. I fail to see why the mercenary instead of the artistic spirit should be aroused by a competition. On the contrary, it is often shown that without competition there is a lack of exertion, application of mettle, to produce the best the artist is capable of. To take an example in Mr. Lord's own line, architecture, it is evidenced that the firm of architects who have designed the new buildings for Columbia University by *order*, without competition, have not done justice, either to their own reputation or to the esthetic opportunities of a magnificent site.

The same may be said of almost every artistic creation.

Better time is made in a race against competitors, or pace makers, than in a heat against time. It is to be hoped that Mr. Lord's contention may never prevail in this country, where the influence of favoritism and political pulls might further endanger the acquirement of the best artistic products.

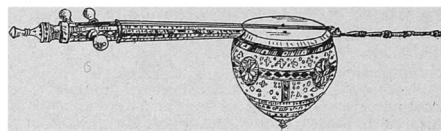
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"In the silence of the night think over the significance of the things you have studied, grave in your thoughts the outlines of the faces you have seen during the day; for where the spirit does not work with the hand there is no art."—Leonardo da Vinci.

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The creases in the photogravure, sent as supplement with the last number, can easily be removed by laying the picture face downward on a flat surface, covering it with a damp cloth and with a hot iron launder it dry. The same course may be pursued with the magazine itself, so that no folds may show, if the numbers are later bound together.

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PERSIAN KEMENCHÉ.

Now comes the aftermath.

I intimated just four weeks ago that the libel should be exposed which was uttered by a certain paper against Señor de Mendonca, impugning his honesty in disposing of a painting called a "Magdalene," by Murillo, while knowing it to be not as represented.

Last week the documents arrived and the case is now ready for such criminal and civil prosecution as will mete out justice to the defamers of an honorable man.

In the article containing the libel it was asserted that Señor de Mendonca knew his picture to be a copy of one owned by Herr Carstanjen of Berlin. Those interested were referred to No. 368, of Braun's publications.

Now, in the first place, the two pictures are not alike at all. Furthermore, this expert did not, perhaps, then know that many of the old masters often repeated the same subjects with slight alterations. There are, for instance, several paintings called "Mystic Marriage of Saint Catharine," by Van Dyck, all accepted as genuine. Two of these are in this country—one hangs in the Corcoran Art Gallery, the other in the Catholina Lambert Collection. Velasquez painted almost a score of portraits of Philip IV., with slight variations. Rafael has several Madonnas very much alike. Van Dyck painted many portraits of Charles I., some of which might almost be called replicas. Murillo was likewise given to this habit, as his various presentations of "Saint Anthony of Padua," and his "Repentant Magdalenes" show.

But the painting in question has been submitted to some of the best experts in Europe, with the result as indicated in the following documents, which are signed and sealed, and now in the hands of the Brazilian gentleman's legal representatives.

I hereby certify that the original picture of which this is the photograph, is the same which was in the collection of Baron de Beurnonville, and was described under number 667 in the catalogue of the sale of this collection in 1881, also the same which I exhibited in 1887 with

a collection of ancient pictures at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, and which in the same year, 1887, I sold to Mr. Salvador de Mendonca. This picture has been to-day submitted to me for re-examination, and I declare herewith that it is my firm conviction that it is an authentic work by Murillo.

(s) CH. SEDELMAYER.

PARIS, 11 July, 1899.

Je déclare par la présente que le tableau dont voici la photographie et que j'ai revu aujourd'hui est bien le même qui a figuré dans la vente de Baron de Beurnonville en 1881 (sous le numéro 667 du catalogue) dont je fus un des experts et je certifie qu'à mon avis c'est bien un original de Murillo.

(s) E. FERAL, Expert en tableaux.

PARIS, le 18 Juillet, 1889.

I have carefully examined the picture from which this photograph has been taken and believe it to be a work by Murillo.

(s) MARTIN H. COLNAGHI.

MARLBOROUGH GALLERY, LONDON, August 15, 1899.

Having examined the picture of which this is a photograph, I believe it to be a perfectly genuine work by Murillo.

(s) S. T. SMITH (of S. T. Smith & Sons).

LONDON, October 4, 1899.

We have thoroughly examined the picture from which this photograph has been taken. We believe it to be a genuine work by Murillo.

(s) F. HAINES & SONS,  
Art Experts and Picture Restorers and Cleaners  
by Appointment to Her Majesty the Queen.

LONDON, October 6, 1899.

The case is now nearing an interesting stage.

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Mr. H. W. Ranger has felt himself aggrieved on account of the editorial comment about his work appearing in the last number, and has accused the editor of THE COLLECTOR AND ART CRITIC of criminal libel.

This is a poor way for an artist to draw attention to himself. When paintings are placed on public exhibition in public places, inviting public criticism, it is bad taste to criminally prosecute a critic who gives an adverse opinion on the work done.

The *New York Times*, commenting on this case, says: "If this principle is allowed there will probably be frequent arrests for criminal libel of art writers and critics everywhere, while even musical and dramatic critics might be haled into court by aggrieved musicians and actors. This arrest raises the question of what is the value of criticism, if it is to be muzzled by threat or fear of the stigma of an arrest. The case comes up to-day in court, and its outcome will be watched with the greatest interest, for it involves a broad and wide-reaching question."

As to the criticism appearing in the last number, it was absolutely impersonal, and a candid expression of my opinion on the value of this artist's work, which is beginning to exert a baneful influence on younger men, which imitate his methods.

No one more anxiously than myself will look for a mending of this artist's ways. Until then the truth must be told in these columns, though it should be the only place where it is heard.



E. DETAILLE.

SOLDIER AT REST.

16x12

(In the Austin H. King Collection.)

The first loan exhibition of the Democratic Club, held last week, was one of exceptional merit. The paintings loaned exclusively by members were selected with great care and hung with an adjustment of harmonious ensemble which deserves praise.

Some of the canvases have been seen before at loan exhibitions, still are of such merit that a continued study and admiration of these masterpieces is a delight. Take, for instance, the two Mauves of Judge Truax, so supple and moist, with the best work the famous artist ever put in his combined cattle and sheep compositions. So are the great Hopper, loaned by W. C. Whitney, and his beautiful Millet, "The Sowers," of grateful memory, but renewed interest.

Senator Clark supplied a few more examples from his superior collection, differing from those recently seen at the Union League Club; these were two beautiful L'Hermitte's and an exquisite Cazin.

The best Worms, perhaps, in this city is the one offered by E. Blumenstiel, "Spanish Fortuneteller," full of grace and beautiful in color. Mr. Samuel Untermeyer loaned a fine pastel by Rosa Bonheur, showing some deer at their watering place, where the rippling waters, the texture of the satiny coats, sky and green meadow, are given with delicacy and charm. The same gentleman owns George Inness's "The Storm," which had rarely been seen. This artist's "Spring" is owned by Randolph Guggenheim, the two paintings showing Inness at his best.

This exhibition was a decided artistic success.

One of the noteworthy exhibitions to be held this month will be the loan exhibition of paintings by D. W. Tryon, as announced on another page. About forty canvases will be shown, selected by the artist himself and loaned by their present owners. Noteworthy for this very reason, that as generally an one-man's show consists either of an accumulation of recent work, or of canvases long left in the studio without sale, or accidentally brought together, good, bad, and indifferent. We will here find gathered together what the artist himself considers his best.

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PERSIAN TEXTILE.

The able review of the Pennsylvania Academy's Annual Exhibition by W. P. Lockington was received on the 15th of January, and therefore too late for insertion in the last number. Appearing, however, at this time, it will act as a rectifier for the senseless "tearing up" which Julian Hawthorne gave the Exhibition in the press.

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In his lecture on the "Deteriorative Power of Conventional Art," Ruskin says that if we search the records of history we shall find "one great fact fronting us, in stern universality—namely, the apparent connection of great success in art with subsequent national degradation." Further on he says, "the period in which any given people reach their highest power in art is precisely that in which they appear to sign the warrant of their own ruin; and that from the moment in which a perfect statue appears in Florence, a perfect picture in Venice or a perfect fresco in Rome, from that hour forward, probity, industry and

courage seem to be exiled from their walls, and they perish in a sculpturesque paralysis, or a many-colored corruption." Accepting this as true, is the conclusion to be drawn that art is an evil, and that instead of encouraging it, it should be discouraged? By no means! In another part of the same lecture Ruskin says that art is degrading only when it is practised for its own sake and the delight of the workman is in what he does and produces, instead of what he interprets or exhibits. Art, as far as it is devoted to the record or interpretation of nature, is helpful and ennobling. It depends then upon the aim which art has, whether it will be ennobling and beneficial in its effect upon national life.

But from the teaching of experience we may gather some measure of excuse if not some ground of comfort for the failure thus far of America to produce any great work of art. A distinctively national art is the product of a national sentiment. This sentiment may show itself in the earlier period of its growth in many persons, but it will not give birth to any product having a national character until it becomes strong enough and general enough to possess in itself a national character. But a national artistic spirit is the flower of a luxurious age, and this is one reason why in some cases the perfection of art has seemed to be so closely associated with that period in a nation's history when it has reached the meridian of its development and is in the early stages of its decline. Our country is in the growing, the advancing period of its history. It must reclaim the desert, subdue the wilderness, build railroads, erect school-houses and accomplish all else which may be necessary to its material development before it can hope to reach a stage suited to the production of National art. That there are many people in the United States who are imbued with an artistic spirit and capable of appreciating that which is beautiful and perfect in art, no one will deny. But these very people are of all others the most prone to deplore the prevalent lack of an artistic spirit in the public. Men who have the great work of material development to do cannot be expected to have much knowledge of art or much appreciation of its beauties.

Perfection in art is not the cause of national decay. He would make a great mistake who understood Ruskin to attribute the decay of any nation to the high development of its art. Perfection in art is to be considered in connection with national decay only as evidence of the approach of that condition in the national life. But even this is subjected by Ruskin himself to an important qualification. The art which makes the decay of national life is that which is turned from the highest aim of art and expends its efforts in self-contemplation, and in which not the interpretation of nature but the practice of art for its own sake is the aim. If we are to have an American art which would be healthful in its influence and effect, it must seek to interpret nature—not merely to imitate it—and it follows that the thing to be interpreted must of itself be American. Art in this country will not attain perfection until the age of material development is past. It will be ennobling through all the period of its growth according as it seeks to interpret nature. It will be American according to the degree that it correctly interprets nature as manifested in America.

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The shackles of imitation should fall from American Art—it should have the complete freedom of initiative. The best of our men have an independent style and tacitly repudiate foreign inoculation. La Farge, Winslow, Homer, Alexander Harrison, Homer Martin, Thayer, Tryon, Murphy, Davis, Wyant, Inness—these are names that do not stand for cultivated cleverness under European guidance, but for serious conceptions of individual merit.

The best art of America is as good as any of its kind that has gone before, and furthermore, the best art of America to-day can hold its own against the world's present productions. And

it is best in connection with matters in which it least resembles the art of other times or other schools.

Some things in art are done once and forever, and are never equaled.

Virgil did not equal Homer when he attempted parallel the great Greek epic with a Roman one; and Dante, while attempting to tread in the footsteps of Virgil, as Virgil had attempted to tread in those of Homer, only surpassed his professed master by producing something essentially different from the Virgilian epic. The "Paradise Lost" of Milton, so far as it is an attempt to follow the lines of Homer and Virgil, is an artistic failure, and it grandly succeeds only wherein it differs from them. The marbles of Phidias and the frescoes of Michael Angelo are works that have never been equaled in their kind, and there is no reason to believe that they ever will be, any more than there is reason to believe that the Shakespearian plays will be paralleled by future performances. They did not parallel the works of the great Grecian tragedians, and the play-writers of the future who will be regarded as the peers of Shakespeare and of the old Grecians will produce something that is as different from Shakespeare as Shakespeare is from Æschylus. But there is no proper doubt that the best painting, and we may even say the best sculpture, of our day is as good, in its kind, as the paintings and sculptures of other days have been in their kind. There is nothing strange or peculiar about this, for there are some points of technique, which may almost be said to be commonplace with the painters of our day, which were either not understood at all or were very imperfectly comprehended by the artists of the Renaissance, while there are some classes of subjects which are distinctly of our own time as artistic themes, and in which as signal successes have been achieved as have been achieved in any age of the world or in any kind of subjects that artists have undertaken to handle.

Many a canvas now seen at passing shows from our sincere workers, by virtue of its truth and its abstract qualities of beauty will endure for all time.

The Picknell exhibition, held at the Silo Art Galleries, was gratifying in the extreme, because it showed the good, honest work of a talented man, who died all too young. He may be characterized as a painter of thorough method, strong in color and individual in style, which is especially noticeable in the smaller canvases. These have a freshness and buoyancy not found in the larger compositions, which sometimes are somewhat heavy, albeit rich in tone and well balanced. Those who acquired examples at the sale (the result of which is found on another page) may congratulate themselves in having canvases worthy to hang with the best of the American landscapists.

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The Isaac Walker collection which was sold a few days ago at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries, contained many interesting and excellent examples. It was the first miscellaneous collection of importance that has been seen this season at this place.

Of more than ordinary value was the example of George H. Boughton, "Wayside Devotion," beautifully toned. Two fine canvases by Frederick W. Kost had good qualities, while the two works by J. N. Marble, diverging in style, were both of merit. "Dawn" being an attractive fantasy, and "Midsummer Morning, Fifth Avenue, N. Y." spirited and bright in color. The "Off Ox," by Henry R. Poore, presented a good bit of painting. M. De Forest Blommers is not often represented by his work at passing shows, which, judging by the two good and sincere works sold here, is to be regretted.

The older school was embodied in an exceptionally good "Cool Retreat," by David Johnson. The two Wyants were of good quality.

The result of the sale will be given in the next number.

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A Boston correspondent in mentioning the exhibition of the Boston Art Club, claims that the average merit of the work shown is unusually high, and calls especial attention to the product of Miss Phelps, Lee Lufkin, Abbott Graves, Childe Hassam, H. H. Gallison, and J. J. Enneking.

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Benjamin West's picture, "The Raising of Lazarus," which has hung as an altarpiece in Winchester Cathedral for over a century, has been sold for \$7,500, to be presented to the new Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine, now in course of erection on Morningside Heights. The sale of this painting has aroused some criticism against the chapter of the Winchester Cathedral, while the purchaser for the present has remained anonymous.

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## MR. N. E. MONTRoss,

INVITES YOU TO A LOAN EXHIBITION

OF PICTURES BY

MR. D. W. TRYON

AT HIS NEW GALLERY

372 FIFTH AVENUE CORNER 35TH STREET

FEBRUARY THE FIRST  
TO FEBRUARY THE TWENTY-SECOND



Peter Newell

## A DANDY DOG.

"My Carlo is a dandy dog—as fine as any fiddle,  
He has two lovely flowing ears, and parts them in the middle."

—PETER NEWELL.

The above is a characteristic example of the quaintly humorous drawings by Peter Newell, most of which have been seen in Harper publications. Some of the drawings for John Kendrick Bangs' "House Boat on the Styx" are shown, among them "The Meeting Between Barnum and Noah," "Sir Walter Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth." There are also scenes from the Biddleby series, including the Biddleby family at the seaside and in New York. Many of these have been elaborated by the artist, especially for the exhibition held at the Keppel gallery, by flat washes in watercolor which enhance their value. Newell is a draughtsman of sure eye and suffuses his work with a kindly humor, which, if not always graceful, is at least without offense. Some of the verses attached to the drawings are gently witty.

\* \* \*

The illustration on the front page shows Picknell in his most characteristic mood. It is a painting full of atmosphere and of wide scope. The horizon indication of the ocean studded with many sails, and the house roofs in the middle distance, together with a well-planned foreground, are a portrayal of one of those charming landscapes which make Normandy an artist's paradise.

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There is a pretty kettle of fish to fry to suit all tastes in the selection of a site for the Indianapolis Art Museum. The Herron bequest of about \$225,000 having become available, the Art Association has set out with commendable energy to locate the new temple, and the partisans of various sites are making life a burden to the committee.

One advocate of a central down-town site makes the funny assertion that the Metropolitan Museum lacks many visitors because of "the distance from down-town," and "the effort it requires to get there."

If the committee be wise in its day and generation, it will go its own way, heedless of such foolish quibbling. A central location, if in a business or even residence section, is no place for the museum, as danger from fire, obstruction of light and various other matters disqualify such choice.

\* \* \*

The Art Club of Philadelphia will hold its ninth annual exhibition of watercolors and pastels from the 12th of March to the 8th of April. The lists of proposed exhibits must be sent to the Art Club not later than Saturday, February 17th.

A few years ago I had the pleasure of visiting in Providence, R. I., the Austin H. King collection, which is now on exhibition at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries. This is a miscellaneous collection above the average acquisitions of the amateur. The numbers have been selected with care, and many artists of the foremost rank, together with those of lesser note, are represented. Most of the popular names are found in the catalogue. A large proportion, almost one-half of the entire collection, was purchased directly from the various artists, while the remainder came from well-known European collections. The selections, especially those purchased directly from the easel, indicate good taste, with a desire to acquire something pleasing. Two of the paintings are illustrated in this number and fairly represent the general character of the collection, the "Pasini" being of particular interest on account of the recent death of the artist as noted in another column.

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There may be seen in different places in this number a few cuts showing some of the interesting articles to be found in the Keleian collection. There are Persian textiles of exquisite workmanship, pottery and faïences that are the delight of the antiquarian, and fine metal-work that should serve as models for much of modern manufacture.

\* \* \*

The incentive of exhibitions was never more clearly shown than by the Black and White exhibition now held at the Salmagundi Club which may be seen by card from a member. It is in every way superior to any held of late years of this revived art, and especially gratifying because of the work shown by men not generally known.

While some of the work is manifestly illustrative, there is other work which, though in monochrome, has all the seriousness and dignity of an oil painting, among which may especially be noted the excellent landscape, with a huddling sheep flock, by George Elmer Browne. This has breadth of treatment and a wide scope. The crowding of the animals as they seek to pass a narrow part of the road running between the water and a bluff is given with much animation; the landscape is equally satisfactory. A. T. Van Laer has two examples, both of a wet day; the one shows the Washington Arch, the other a drove of cattle in the road with a driving rain beating down. Harry Roseland surprises one with his sincere Millet-like composition of "Potato Planters" and "Toilers of the Field"; they are superior to his lithographic fortunetellers, etc. The work of W. C. Ostrander is exceptionally clever, his "Rising Mist" giving the ideal presentation of hazy atmosphere. C. Myles Collier, Charles Baker, George McCord and W. C. Fitler send in good work, while the monotinists of Rufus Sheldon have charming effects. The show is worth a visit.

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A circular has been received from the Black and White Club, of which the salient point reads: "The second annual exhibition of the Black and White Club will open in the Sculpture Society Room at the Fine Arts Building, 215 West Fifty-seventh street, Manhattan, on Saturday evening, Feb. 10, at 8 o'clock, and continue two weeks. Only original works in any monotonist which have never been publicly exhibited in the City of New York will be received on Feb. 5, until 9 P. M.

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A few years ago the matter of organizing a society of animal painters was broached, but was given up, as was averred at the time, for lack of good material. Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborne, Jr., of the American Museum of Natural History, is, however, an enthusiast on the formation of such a society, and, mainly through his efforts, it is now likely that soon steps will be taken with that end in view.

The excellent opportunities for the study of the animal kingdom now offered by the collection in the Bronx Zoological Garden, holds some *raison d'être* for such a society, which should give occasional, if not annual exhibitions of the work especially referring to these subjects.

The interest of Ernest Seton Thompson, Robert Blum, Charles Knight, Abbott Thayer, Carl Rungius, William H. Beard, Louis A. Fuertes and R. P. Proctor has been enlisted.



ARMENIAN BISHOP'S MITRE.